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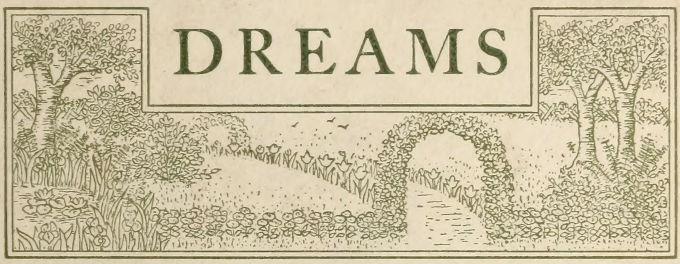
MY GARDEN OF DREAMS



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MY GARDEN OF DREAMS

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE VOICE OF THE GARDEN

IN PREPARATION

GARDEN PHILOSOPHY

MY GARDEN OF DREAMS

MY GARDEN OF DREAMS

BY
ABRAM LINWOOD URBAN
WITH DECORATIONS BY
GRACE LILLIAN URBAN

AUTHOR'S EDITION
ILLUSTRATED

PHILADELPHIA
THOMAS MEEHAN & SONS
1913

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To My Children
with the hope that Their Visions may pass into
Beautiful Dreams

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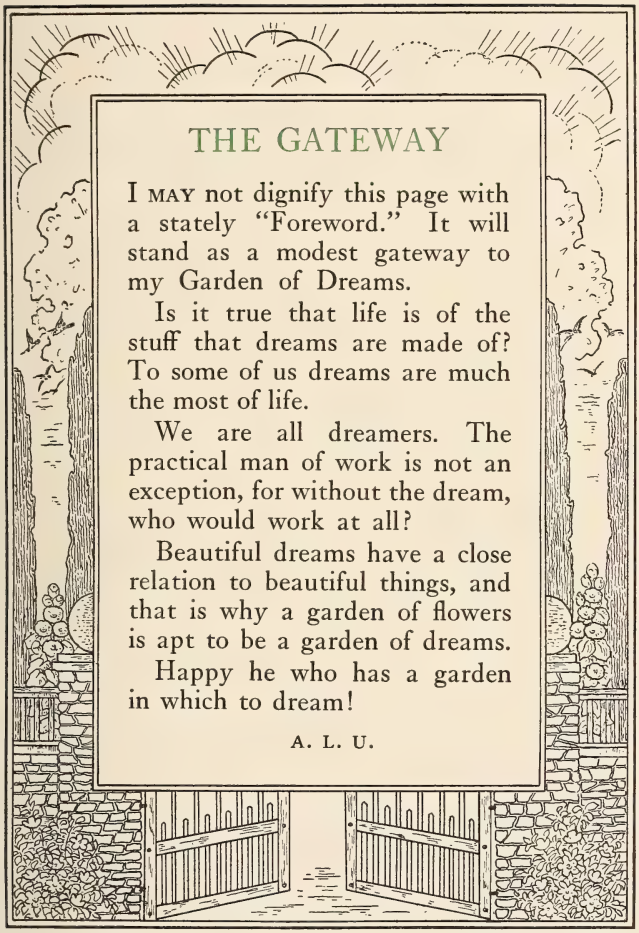


THE GATEWAY

I MAY not dignify this page with a stately "Foreword." It will stand as a modest gateway to my Garden of Dreams.

Is it true that life is of the stuff that dreams are made of? To some of us dreams are much the most of life.

We are all dreamers. The practical man of work is not an exception, for without the dream, who would work at all?

Beautiful dreams have a close relation to beautiful things, and that is why a garden of flowers is apt to be a garden of dreams.

Happy he who has a garden in which to dream!

A. L. U.

The garden mystically . . . a place of spiritual repose, stillness, peace, refreshment, delight.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

A GARDEN
ENCLOSED

A GARDEN ENCLOSED

In his "Song of Songs" Solomon sings of "a garden enclosed." Into such a garden Tennyson's Maud was called by her lover.

Andrew Marvel speaks of "green thought in a green shade"—fancies of the mind in the lovely quiet of a green old garden.

The captive Israelite found his ideal of security and peace "under his vine and fig tree," where none made him afraid.

These poetic representations are symbols, for, will fancies spring, or dreams come, or lovers meet, or the deep sense of home be felt, in a garden open to the public gaze?

The enclosed garden symbolizes civilized man's relation to wild nature. At first it is a contest for mastery, but it results in an alliance by which nature is tamed and rendered more beautiful, and in turn ministers to man and becomes his inspiration in art and song.

It is by conquest that civilized man has risen above both wild nature and wild man. The cave, tent, cabin, cottage, castle, and palace have gradually been evolved, and in evidence of Nature's gifts when won, around palace and cottage waves and blooms the garden.

But man has not been wholly faithful to his alliance with Nature. In the progress of what we call civilization there has come to be, more or less, a divorce of man from nature. Some one has said that "progress is a disease, and eventually society will die of civilization."

What truth is there in that statement? This much, certainly. We are living an artificially heated life. The modern man is highly specialized, both mentally and physically, and has developed and exists at the expense of a first essential and necessity. His life is unnatural and out of sequence.

Living and working under these conditions, we lose life's correct perspective. With our eyes fixed upon our special task, we become abnormally self-conscious. We make ourselves larger than we are. We give to our tasks an exaggerated importance, and in the feverish

pursuit of our ends are draining the blood of our nerves.

In times long past walled gardens, like castles, were a necessary protection against enemies, whether of wild nature or of wild man. Is there not something like that state of things today? Is there not an industrialism as pitiless as the most savage militarism of the past?

Dante, exiled from Florence, appeared at a convent and was asked who he might be. He answered, "One who is in quest of peace." Does not the longing for peace make men flee the market-place? The same turbulent world that drove men into cloisters, that, seeking peace, they might at least find quiet, is driving us also. The gross materialism of our commercialism is compelling an outward, or perhaps a backward, look for mental health.

There is a sense of disappointment and chagrin confessed by even the successful in life's competitions. "Like the man in the play, we have looked into Vesuvius and found nothing in it—except ashes."

Does health of body and of mind lie in the direction of nature?

There is a feeling that there is a secret which we have lost, and that it is to be refound in nature. This feeling points in the right direction. The artificiality of our lives has deadened us to a true appreciation of nature and of the health of body and of mind which nature fosters. "We have no ears for the whisper of the flower, the cloud's message, the star's song. The din of our civilization makes it hard to hear the pulsing of the universe. The roofs that hem us in shut off from our eyes the loveliness of the skies." We need to recover a sense of our kinship with nature, and draw more life from her bosom. We need to find again the lost secret.

How are we to find it? There are those who say that "to know the secret of nature," and so the secret of peace, "you must become an obedient part of it."

If that be true, why not act upon Rousseau's philosophy and go back to pure untamed nature?

The fatal mistake in so doing would be that of overstatement. To go back to untamed nature would mean for man such an overstate-

ment of freedom as would break all the fetters of obligation and duty which belong to him as man, and in the acknowledgment of which he rises into his true manhood.

Nature herself warns us against such a course. In nature all things are under law and fulfil their purpose. There is health of body and of mind in getting into a real relationship with things, because there is a reasonableness and a beauty of the nature of things, but such a relationship requires that man shall know himself as man, and shall not lose sight of his obligations as man.

The spiritual value of maintaining a right relation to nature is symbolized in the cultivated garden.

Apostles of the gospel of nature maintain that "that alone is to be condemned which is against nature," and argue for naked conformity to nature. I repeat, Nature herself warns us against such a course, for, if "there is nothing in her which is mean or base," there is that which is ugly or disagreeable. If not ugly in itself, it affects us as ugly. Nature has her slime, her muck, her ruins. And Nature

takes note of this and is constantly covering over and beautifying her ugly spots. She covers her marshes with mosses and her dead tree-trunks with vines. The old mother is constantly putting beautiful garments over the nakedness of her children.

The mind that dwells upon the under side of things may do so in the name of realism and truth, but has departed from Nature's method. Nature has processes that are unpleasant to see, but she conducts them much in secret. The decay, the ferment, these she hides, yet out of them she produces new life and beauty. She has made out of the ruins of a hemlock a garden of orchids.

Nature teaches us to appreciate the spiritual value of the enclosed garden, for the enclosed garden symbolizes that institution that conserves and fosters the clean things of life. It connects one with the great life-supporting currents of the universe, and yet so separates one's portion of the world as to make of it a *home*. It is this deep sense of home that is the most real and most vital part of our joy in gardens. The garden stands for the home. It

represents belief in reserve, and courtesy, and reverence for sacred things.

The way to health for our artificially heated life is not back to the wild, but back to the sweet old ideals of home and hospitality and unselfishness.

And that is why we must be careful that our "garden enclosed" has *gates*.

Our love of the garden must not take us out of touch with the common human sympathies. Nor will it if we be true men and women. One's share in the graces and charities of life need not be curtailed. There may be a sense of seclusion without wholly shutting oneself in, or wholly shutting out everybody or everything else.

Build walls to shut out the things that are raw and unbeautiful, that there may be place for the finer things of life, but there must be open gates that friend and neighbor, yes, and the stranger, may come in, and that you may go out and touch things outside with beauty and idealism and religion.

> Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
> Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.

From north and south, from east and
west,
The pride of every zone,
The fairest, rarest, and the best,
May all be made our own.

WHITTIER

ONE'S OWN GARDEN

"The garden that I love," of which Tennyson sings, and the one of which the late poet-laureate wrote with such affection, has each in it the note of personal love because of personal relationship. One is endeared by association, the other, by possession as well. One is loved as the garden of the beloved, the other, as the poet's own.

Mr. Austin voices an ineradicable instinct when he says, "If the whole world were a garden, I should still want to have a particular and exclusive plot as my own."

Doubtless man's desire to assert himself in mastery over nature explains in part the instinct of possession; but it is, perhaps, more his sense of cultivated beauty that demands it.

Nature herself requires it at his hands, for "Nature left to herself is a reactionist, always slipping back from worse to worse."

Man's instinct is to express himself. He wants to plan his own garden. As has been finely said, "man is designed to design, and he cannot avoid endeavoring to reproduce, externally, the proportion and harmony which are the very essence of his own organism, and which permit of his existence."

One of the charms of one's own garden is that one can plant what he likes and where he likes. The planting may not have the approval of the landscape architect, and it may be a mistake, but his is the pleasure of working out his own ideas and the benefit of learning from his mistakes.

The tendency to make gardening a matter of high art is not without some drawbacks. A great deal is made of the technical side of gardening,—of color schemes, broad effects, etc.,—with the result that to make a garden has come to seem to be a formidable thing, and many, incapable of high art, are deterred from the attempt.

If this feeling were to become common, how many small gardens, due only to the planting impulse and a love of flowers, would be ruled

out, and how many little corners in our world would be less pleasant places to live in!

We give thanks to the makers of our dear little home gardens, where flowers seem to love to bloom, in a very riot of colors, it may be. The garden spirit is present there, and where the garden spirit is, whether in the perfect lines and plantings of the great gardens of the great artists, or in the little plat of the merely flower loving, there it will incarnate itself in loveliness of plant and flower.

The garden may be as original and as individual as a poem or a picture, and will be if it expresses the soul of its maker. It will as truly have a life of its own, and a mood of its own.

Such a garden may not lend itself to imitation. Imitation may not be desirable, but it serves its purpose well in expressing the spirit of its maker, and possesses the most essential quality of any work of art in its pure sincerity.

If one's garden be, as some one has characterized the garden of the artist, Miss Cecilia Beaux, "a garden of the heart," it will have a loveliness all its own, although it fail to meet

the conventional idea of a garden, or to merit the praise of high art.

It must be evident that when Mr. Austin says that he would always want the "particular and exclusive plot" of his own, he means much more than the mere desire of ownership. To be really "one's own garden" it must mean much more.

The distinction which Mr. Austin makes between "one's own" and the "gardener's garden" is very real. The gardener's garden is one made for another whose sole relation to it is financial. He *pays* for the ground, the plants, and the labor. He does not *make* the garden. He does not come into the personal relations with it which the knowledge of it and the love of it bring about, and which alone can make it one's own in any true spiritual sense.

The pleasures of a garden are by no means only in its product, but far more in its processes. A garden is full of little secrets and confidences which you lose if you leave it entirely to another. To hand over to another the supreme care of one's garden is to give away that finer and truer ownership which can be

his only who, because he loves it, tends it with his own hands, learns its needs with his own heart, and grows into familiar companionship with the beautiful living things in it. The trees and bushes and flowers planted and tended by his hands come to be friends, and dearer by each association which gathers about them. He learns their speech. They tell him the secret of their beauty, and they are his, as one's friends may be his own.

Such possession is not bought except with love. To really *have* the flowers, you must have them as you have your friends. You must "consort with them, tend them in sickness and in health, cultivate them for better or for worse, and let them twine themselves about your inner and outer life," for only so can your garden be *your own*.

But in no absolute sense may the garden be one's own. I am glad that in no such sense can it be so. By an unerring law, when one attempts to make it his own in the spirit of selfish exclusion he loses it in just that deep spiritual sense that the man who is unwilling to give life loses it.

"Other eyes than ours
Are made to look on flowers."

The garden has many lessons to teach, but none does it more surely teach than this: If the cultivation of a garden does not promote the tender graces and extend the sweet charities of life, it is proof sufficient that we have not learned the secret of its life, and are still outside of that knowledge which alone makes it truly one's own.

It is a large truth that God would teach us in the garden. He is constantly reminding us that man is not the center and aim of all that exists, for in spite of all that man can do He holds the garden open, through gateways of earth and sky, to bird and insect, for whom, as truly as for us, flower and fruit are made.

"Other eyes than ours
Are made to look on flowers.
Eyes of small birds and insects small,
The deep sun-blushing rose
Around which the prickles close
Opens her bosom to them all.
The tiniest living thing
That soars on feathered wing

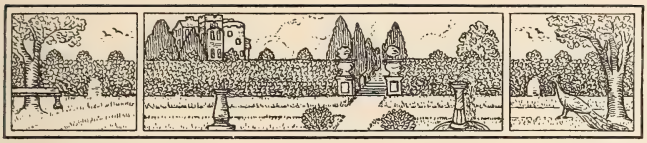
Or crawls among the long grass out of sight,
Has just as good a right
To its appointed portion of delight
As any king."

Is there no suggestion here of obligation in relation to the social problems of our time? Is there not to be a time when men shall acknowledge one common brotherhood and all shall be sharers of the comforts and the beauty of life? Shall it not be that each one's own garden will be but part of one great garden where every home will have the joys and graces which we associate with the name of home?

It is one of my dreams, in this garden of mine.

Flowers from all heavens, and love-
lier than their names,
Grew side by side.

TENNYSON



THE GARDEN GLORIOUS

The title is taken from a poem of the early part of the sixteenth century, which describes an English garden of that period. Let us go with the poet into his "garden glorious."

> "Then we went to the garden glorious,
> Like to a place of pleasure most solacious,
> With Flora painted and wrought curiously
> In divers knottes of marvaylous greteness,
> Rampande lyons stood up wonderfly
> Made of all herbs of dulcet sweetness,
> With many dragons of marvaylous likeness
> Of divers floures made ful craftely,
> By Flora couloured with colours sundry."

We recognize the elaborately constructed garden of the Tudor period.

It is enclosed with walls, and probably a moat, a reminder of a still earlier time. It is divided by two principal cross-paths into quarters, subdivided into knots, while outside

runs a border laid out into elaborate geometric patterns. Here are shaded walks and arbors, dovecots and fountains. The maze or labyrinth is a favorite feature. Carved animals of wood or stone, or of clipped evergreen shrubs of "marvaylous likeness" are distributed over this garden, and fanciful sun-dials, without which no garden is considered complete.

Flowers as well as herbs and vegetables grow here. The Acanthus, Asphodel, Auricula, Amaranth, Cornflower, Daisy, Cowslip, Daffodil, Gillyflower, Hollyhock, Iris, Lily-of-the-Valley, White and Red Lilies, Nigella, Pansy, Pink, Peony, Periwinkle, Poppy, Primrose, Rocket, Rosemary, Jasmine, Roses,—especially the Sweet Brier,—Snapdragon, Sweet William, Violet, Wallflower,—all these I find in a list of this "garden glorious."

We think of Cardinal Wolsey's famous garden at Hampton Court, described by Cavendish. There, we are told, the Cardinal was accustomed to walk at the close of the day as he recited evensong.

Henry VIII, to make room for improvements designed by himself, almost swept away

the Cardinal's garden, and he too seemed to find it a favorite place, for, as the author of "English Pleasure Gardens" tells it, "in this garden young Henry VIII carried on his first flirtations with Anne Boleyn, and here, when overtaken by infirmities, he used to hobble about in his premature old age."

The poet has given us a glimpse of the "garden glorious" of that earlier time. It tells us the *garden ideal* of the period.

That which embodies the garden ideal of a people is always the "garden glorious" of that people, and the garden ideal of any time expresses the traits of the domestic and social life of the time. At the same time, the form that the ideal assumes is often affected by motives drawn from the gardens of other times and other peoples, foreign and unsuited to the conditions under which the imitation is attempted.

For example, the Italian gardens may be imitated in America, but the real Italian villa garden is possible only in Italy. It is the creation of the Italian temperament, and requires the glowing sunshine and the spacious atmos-

phere of Italy. There it is the "garden glorious."

The development of the English garden into the Elizabethan and the later sentimental garden of the eighteenth century shows in a most interesting way how garden art may be affected by foreign motives.

The sentimental garden grew out of a reaction against the artificiality of the earlier gardens, and sought to express better the human sentiment which always seeks expression in art. But sentiment may become artificial because strained and exaggerated. Then it degenerates into an affected mannerism, as it did in the sentimental gardens of the later period.

The style of the sentimental garden was copied largely from the Chinese emotional garden, where it had been developed to a degree that amazes the modern western mind. There the garden was constructed to produce not only emotions of pleasure, but of surprise, of melancholy, and of terror. In the great gardens of China are to be seen not only the most pleasing landscape effects, but scenes of

terror in gloomy woods or dark caverns where everything is blighted or devastated.

Such scenes were imitated with more or less success in France and England. To reproduce the marks of decay often seen in nature, dead trees and stumps were planted. To arouse the emotion caused by the contemplation of decay in human life, various sorts of ruins were imitated and funeral monuments erected. So morbid a fondness for these emblems of decay was there that "the garden without a grave could never hope to arouse a powerful sensation of agreeable melancholy."

All sorts of sham temples, artificial ruins, rusticity in all conceivable forms, were relied upon as the main attractions. The cultivation, not of flowers, but of morbid feeling, seems to have been the purpose of the sentimental garden.

And all this was done in the name of nature and in protest against the formal in art. The history of art furnishes no more striking example of exaggerated sentiment degenerated into artificiality. "Simplicity was a pose, while nature was a mass of deceitful illusions."

And yet each of these gardens of the past was the "garden glorious" of its time. Each was an attempt to express an ideal, and in its way reflected the life of its time. Each has contributed something of permanence to garden art, for the lasting in the art of any people is that which is true to the temperament of that people.

Garden art is no exception. Gardens of any period express something of the life of the time, and in so far as the world-wide laws of all true art are adhered to, they are beautiful and furnish motives for future development of garden art.

True art will always give form to the ideals of a people. But the ideals change—they grow or decay.

The American garden, for us the "garden glorious"—what is it to be?

There are some very beautiful and notable gardens in America, but garden art is still young with us; as some one has expressed it, "in the awkward age."

It seems to be evident that no one school of landscape architects will dictate the American

garden. No one style will exclude all others. Where now American gardens are to be seen at their best they have a marked individuality. We have good examples of the formal garden, enchanting naturalistic and "wild" effects, but that which is most satisfying and most promising is the fact that the American garden, where the real garden is seen, expresses the soul of the household for which it springs and blooms.

Although reflecting an intense American individualism, there are indications of a sane garden art and of a sincere appreciation of nature in its spiritual quality. The ideal which seems to be luring us is such a combination or fusion of the formal and the naturalistic as will give us Nature's best gifts so ordered by art as to express in simplicity and purity, without sham or exaggeration, the sentiment that finds a natural home in the garden.

It is probable that the American garden will reflect the bigness of thought and ideal which geographic spaciousness begets. The artistic motive will work within larger limits than those of countries where the formal in art has

had most effective expression. This would indicate some prominence to be given to large naturalistic effects.

Doubtless, too, the American garden ideal will be expressive of our national social scheme. In theory, our social scheme is democratic. It proposes to make possible for every home the joys and graces that we associate with the name of home.

There is, indeed, a larger ideal, not only in America, but everywhere, taking on form. A new social ideal is forming and expressing itself in many ways. We are at the beginning of a change in the industrial and social relations of society—a great change in the relation of man to man.

This change is already finding expression in the art of the garden. Coincident with the social movement is the evolution of a new garden ideal.

The wonderful gardens of the past were made for the few, and ministered too often to a life of sensuous and selfish pleasure. They were retreats sacred to idleness and exclusiveness. They belonged to the times when the

relations of man to man were those of master and slave, lord and serf, or, as later, capitalist and laborer. Now the signs of the times indicate that those relations are changing and are to become the relations of brother to brother.

This evolution of a new social ideal is shifting emphasis from property to people, and from the individual to the community. The new garden ideal aims to make all sharers of the comforts and the beauty of life. It proposes to make homes—beautiful homes—for all, and homes so related as to express the common brotherhood. The ideal is that of a *garden community*.

Not long ago this was but a dream. Only about fifteen years ago was published Mr. Howard's remarkable book, entitled "To-morrow," telling his beautiful dream of the "Garden City." He dreamed of a city where comfort, beauty, and happiness are assured, with no opportunity for the unrestrained license of speculators, builders, or owners. His dream city was a city of clean streets, wide spaces, wholesome and comfortable homes, with everywhere grass and trees and flowers,

at a cost so low as to make them possible for everybody.

A beautiful dream! Many said it must forever be only a dream.

But the dream is taking visible form. It is rising before our eyes. The garden communities of Letchworth, Hampstead, Port Sunlight, and Bourneville in England are practical demonstrations. The garden city is no longer a dream. It is not "the newest Utopia." Its houses are built of substantial brick and mortar, its trees and grass and flowers are growing and blooming—this much is history. And the idea on which it is built is one of eternal truth.

The history of this movement is one of the most striking facts of modern life. A garden city, where each home has its own garden, but where each is so related to all that the whole is one great garden—that is, indeed, "the garden glorious."

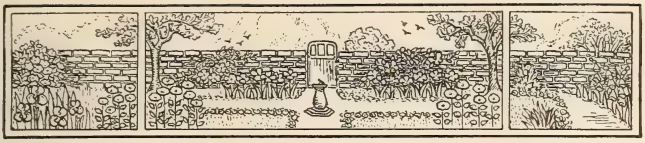
I have called it a dream taking form. In fact it is only part of a larger dream that many are dreaming today. It is the dream of all who love their fellow-men, a dream of better things for all men—for men and women who toil and

suffer. These dreamers dream of a day when poverty and degradation will be no more, when the common conscience shall be awakened, and true wisdom found through avenues of peace.

Men have been dreaming this dream ever since Jesus taught of the Kingdom of God on earth, and the angels' song set His gospel in music. It is this dream that is seeking form in the garden city, to be more truly than gardens of the past have ever been, "the Garden Glorious."

The poetry of earth is never dead.

KEATS



THE POETICAL GARDEN

We read of "poems in stone." Why not poems in plant and flower? We hear "songs without words." If wordless sounds may be made to express sentiment, why not form and color? Nature transferred to canvas is made to appeal with the power of an ideal. Why not nature in its own living beauty and power? As there may be, to use Mendelssohn's fancy, "music without harping," so there may be poems without words.

It is neither sentimental nor inaccurate to speak of the "poetical garden," for all the elements of poetry, or such as correspond to the elements of poetry, are to be found in a garden, and it needs only the soul of the poet, with technical skill to express himself, to make the garden poetical.

Not every garden is a poem, any more than all verse is poetry, but given the poet in the

garden, and the garden will express thought and feeling as truly as a poem of a Tennyson or a Shelley.

There are gardens that are outbursts of rhythmic expression of purest idealism as truly as the noblest poem ever written. There are garden effects that are pure lyrics, garden scenes charmingly idyllic. There are gardens as free and spontaneous as the outbursts of a Blake or the delicious melodies of a Proctor, gardens that have all the melody and grace of one of Swinburne's creations. There are gardens as rich in expression as the poetry of Keats, others as chaste and pure under classic restraint as the poems of Matthew Arnold, or varied in poetic elements, yet with complete and even balance, as the sustained compositions of Tennyson. Nature is limitless in her works and moods. It needs only that the garden poet understand her moods and have skill in using her gifts to give her voice.

The fact that the garden is not poetical to all does not count against the claim here made for it any more than the fact that all do not

have a sympathetic ear counts against good poetry. The poet, to convey his ideal or his feeling to another, requires not only that he have the ideal or the feeling, and the skill to express it poetically, but that he speak to such as also have the sympathetic imagination. There must be hearers fit.

You can read a poem and find only words. You can hear a symphony and recognize only sounds. You can go into a garden and see nothing but trees and plants and flowers.

I repeat, all the elements of poetry are in a garden—rhythm, melody, stately meter. There is even that which corresponds to rhyme, for plantings may be, where necessary to expression, balanced and uniform. If you will look into the life of the garden, you will find the drama, intense and complex. There are idyllic gardens, lyrical gardens, tragic gardens, yes, and I have seen comic ones.

It is interesting to note how like the history of poetry that of the garden has been. There have been periods of rigid conformity to rule, with symmetry and balance as the main considerations, and with garden effects as stately

and measured as the couplets of a Pope. The naturalistic or "wild" garden has been as unfettered and spontaneous as the most romantic poetry. There have been periods when, as in the sentimental gardens of the eighteenth century, the sentiment was morbid and unwholesome. There are formal gardens, as chaste and restrained as the purest classics, and there are gardens where the highest art, with reverence for the soul of Nature, has striven, as in poetry truly great, to give to Nature that setting where her appeal may best be made. There are gardens with a quality of expression as unique as the poetry of Browning, and others as commonplace as the sentiments of the conventional poets.

The poetical garden is of no one fixed style. It may be formal as the famous Italian gardens, classic as the most restrained, or wild as the lover of the naturalistic can make it if he be an artist in the making.

If, then, we may speak of the poetical garden,—if we would have the poetical garden,—we must recognize certain laws to which the garden, like poetry, must conform. All styles

of gardens, however much they vary, must conform to certain first principles.

Trace the analogy a little farther. Poetry is a means of expression, but so also is prose. The poet is an interpreter. He gives voice to the common thought and feeling, but so also may the writer of prose. The difference is in the form of expression. Poetry is beautiful thought or feeling which lies deeper than ordinary speech expressed in rhythmic form, not merely uttered, as in prose.

The garden is an ordered expression of the beauty and harmony of nature. It may be made, like a poem, a revelation of nature's harmonies, and as such, gardening, like poetry, must be ranked as an art, and must conform to the world-wide laws of art.

Not all poetry conforms to one model. There is not one style of garden accepted to the exclusion of all others. Like Browning among the poets, a garden may be unique, may even, like him, revel in seeming confusion and strive against the trammels of order. There may be a barbaric sense of color and lack of form, but, as for such poetry to be acknowledged it must

be that of a Browning, so for such a garden to be acknowledged it must indeed be the work of a master. Even then a Browning is less a master of expression, though he be Browning.

The pure office of the poet is to express with grace and charm what lies too deep for ordinary speech. The pure office of the poet of the garden is to express with grace and charm in ordered nature the beauty and harmony of nature, which is unordered and therefore not fully expressed in the wild.

A first requirement of the garden is that it be beautiful. Like the poet, the maker of the garden must be, to use Hawthorne's phrase, an artist of the beautiful. He must be able to discern the spirit of beauty in nature, revealed only to the poet's finer sight, and give it form in the life of the garden. He must enable the imagination to discern something of the ideal beauty.

Like the poet, the maker of the garden, if he would express effectively his ideal, must have precision of touch. He must know exactly what effect he desires, and produce it by a firm stroke of color here, a beam of light or a

shadow there. In short, he must give his creation *tone*. Clear expression is as necessary in the garden as in the poem.

There are, alas! gardens as barren of poetry as is mere rhyme, and as depressing, simply because, like mere rhymsters, their makers lack both poetic feeling and the art of expression. To the true artist nature is, to use the words of a Japanese garden critic, "like some beautiful musical instrument, finer than any ever made by human hands, but still an instrument, with harmonies to be coaxed out." To coax out the harmonies requires the master musician.

A poetical garden is not, we must be sure, a mere show-garden, but a garden poetical in spirit and effect. It is much a matter of "atmosphere." He who would make such a garden must have his vision of things spiritual and lovely. With that and skill to give it form he will make it a place where one can sit and dream, for

"The poetry of earth is never dead."

Flowers worthy of Paradise.

MILTON

THE FESTIVAL OF THE SIGHT

The most brilliant of pageants is passing. Rank upon rank of beautifully costumed figures, bearing aloft banners gorgeous in color, and marching to the notes of a mystical music, are passing. It is one long festival.

First in this pageant are many little people, beautiful of face and graceful of form. They are decked with the gayest colors: here and there a blue or a white, a pink or a red, or even a rich purple, but mainly yellow, with the groundwork of their costumes green. They carry banners, "yellow glorious and golden," and are led by trumpeters blowing their "gay fanfare."

These are the young and the gay in this pageant of life and beauty. Crowned with daffodils and singing lyric snatches, they pass "down the greening hills."

What jocund shouts of young life, making what of old was called a "glad noise"!

Now come some ancient gilds. What stately march is theirs, what banners of scarlet and white, yellow and blue, pink and rose! It is the very climax of color. Gold and crimson and scarlet, melting now into soft greens and again bright with flashing cobalt blue. What blazonry flashing in the sunlight! Here, too, are musicians, but the music is richer and deeper toned, for these are master musicians and play on all instruments.

It is the ancient gilds of artists and musicians who are passing now.

Who are they flaunting themselves in red shirts and mob caps? They are true proletariats. They are workers from garden and field, and draw great wagons laden with the harvests of their toil. It is a frolicsome, trumpeting crowd, singing songs of the field, and of home, and of love.

Close upon their heels is a group that does not seem to fit into its place. They are dressed as if they belonged to the section gone by some time ago and had lagged behind and now fallen

into line again. The color of their costumes is a most exquisite amber, with here and there bright ribbons of pink, or white, or even red. They are dancing in the sunshine hand in hand, nymphs and unconventional fellows, playing on zithers and chanting a strange Indian incantation.

How changed the scene now! What strange figures, robed in gray or brown, and now in white! In costumes of airy filigree they pass, or covered with great white sheets, bearing long icicle spears. Now they come in robes positively covered with diamonds.

These are not artists with painted banners, but sculptors bearing symbols cut from cold white marble. The music to which they march is now low and weird, again it rises into a riot of wind instruments, and falls away into the plaintive notes of the oboe and the English horn.

It has taken about five minutes of time to tell of this pageant, but to see it you must look long, for it marches through the whole year.

It is a very ancient ceremonial, as old as the flowers. The Greeks called it "the festival of the sight," and it is the flowers they meant.

It is a brilliant pageant, this festival of the sight. It is the pageant of the seasons, rich in all their colors and loaded with their priceless gems.

The Greeks loved color. They painted even their statues. Doubtless it was their love of color that led them to make a festival of the passing of the flowers. To them the flowers were a color-feast for the eye. But neither they nor we could imagine a festival without music. There must be music in the march of a pageant such as that of the flowers. The soul that has not felt the perfect rhythm of nature and listened to its deep-toned harmonies has but poorly interpreted its symbols. The year is "God's great cycle of song."

There is a close relation between colors and sounds. The delicate ear and the clear sight are both engaged by nature's teaching. The need of the ear and the need of the eye are the same. Each seeks, whether in nature or in art, the one fundamental harmony. Colors have harmonies as ravishing as music, and just as sounds produce discords when made at random, so there are combinations of colors as

false and discordant as the notes of one who should take up a violin and scrape away at random.

All the varying aspects of nature are strangely akin to music. They alike stir unsuspected depths, and we can understand why it is that the great musicians have drawn so much of their inspiration from nature, and why we so naturally speak of "color" in music.

There is "a gamut of pigments." There are all the notes from high E to A minor. There are all the movements from the simple melody to the great oratorio. There is every mood of the soul that ever musician dreamed about, from triumphant hallelujahs to the sad notes that lose themselves in mystery and silence.

It is true, no one can tell it. It must be felt. When I have heard a good orchestral performance I know how impossible it is to tell another its perfection, for I cannot reproduce the music. I can only *hear* it. It is just so with the color harmonies in a garden. I cannot put a warm glow into words. I cannot make a diagram of it. I can only *see* it.

That perfect symphony yonder, where Ma-

donna lilies bloom against the sky-blue larkspurs, with white and blue harebells at their feet and pale yellow foxgloves near by—you must *see* it as you must *hear* a Mozart.

I cannot tear the quivering chords from a symphony and lay them out to dry in a criticism. I cannot divest myself of the feeling that music is made to be heard, not explained or analyzed. I am glad that I have ears to hear.

I feel very much the same about color harmony. It has its allegros and its andantes, but I can best appreciate the rhythms without conscious effort to understand the ideas. These visual rhythms go very deep into a man's soul and are not easily unraveled. It is better simply to listen while the melody lasts, for it will die away in silence.

For such is the fleeting character of all exquisite things. Nothing that is beautiful stays. As each sweet flower passes it is gone from us. Like the flower, the emotion belongs to the hour.

And it is well. It is well that we cannot stay the festival. If we did, we would only petrify its life.

Well if it lead us to be, not afraid of the divine processes, but thrilled with "the glory of going on." If it do this, then will our dream of life be truer and richer, and something that has entered into life will live and kindle the old light even when our eyes have grown dim.

In a pageant, the last place is the place of honor. The crowning glory is left for the vanishing moment.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew.

TENNYSON

THE
YOUTHERIE
OF THE YEAR

THE YOUTHERIE OF THE YEAR

"The youtherie of the year!" So did Richard Steele name the springtime of the year, and I make haste to adopt the words since what I saw and heard in my garden this bright day.

A brightness and a touch of warmth of the sunshine drew me into my garden. I heard the first call of the robin. I saw tiny buds of promise, the opening ones of the willow, the purplish shoots of the phlox, the pink cones of the peony. I saw the snowdrops lift their sweet bells, and shoots of the daffodils pushing up out of the earth. These told me that winter is past and the time of singing birds has come.

For a moment I caught the odor of swelling rose vines and lilac bushes. There can be no doubt. "Lilactive," the sweet folk name for spring, is here.

We shall smell the spring lilacs again.

"This old world seems young once more."

"The youtherie of the year!" Its note is the note of joy. Joy scatters brightness in a thousand hues. Nothing seems inanimate. The trees are wide awakened from their sleep. Whole families of flowers are putting on gay attire to make one great holiday. The "festival of the sight" has begun. The first ranks are passing.

The very clouds and their shadows look alive. Everywhere is movement, everywhere life, everywhere joy. All nature sings hymns in welcome to the perfect year. The Spirit of Beauty bids it.

He who does not discern the infinite possibilities of beauty and poetry in the world now must have something radically wrong with himself. Who would not poetize when he breathes such air as this?

Such shadows as there are are like the shadows on the light of childhood. If for a little Nature is silent, it is but to burst forth into louder song. If the clouds grow heavy and shadows fall, it is but quickly to open their heart again to the sunshine. The showers sport with the sunshine until the very sky is rainbowed. A

day like this helps me to understand the "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn or of Grieg.

Spring is sometimes called fickle. It is only sportive and vibrant with life. Its promise of summer never fails us.

Spring may play hide-and-seek with winter today, clutch you with fingers of frost tomorrow, or even cast a dash of sleet in your face, or throw over you a sheet of snow, but you must not forget that spring is "the youtherie of the year," and, like all youth, full of life and fun and all sorts of insolence.

And, like all youth, spring is privileged. He will play his pranks, and we, the older and wiser, will smile and forgive, for we know that next day he will be full of smiles and promises again. We do not have it in our hearts to be vexed long with this beautiful and fun-loving youth. How easily we forgive and forget the pranks of youth!

I see I have been speaking of spring in the masculine gender. Am I not mistaken? Do not the poets and the artists paint spring as a maiden with a flower between finger and thumb—crocus, violet, or primrose? Yet will

I hold to the masculine gender for spring, for is he not the leader of all the forces that will march with banners so gay through the long year?

"The youtherie of the year!" How confident in conscious power! How sure in his vision of summer glory! Blue-spread over heaven, green-spread over earth—no cloud above nor shade below, such is spring's perfect day. It is the very spirit of youth and health, of energy and high hope.

Vision belongs to youth by right. Though he travel daily farther from the east, yet is he

> "By the vision splendid
> On his way attended."

Such is Wordsworth's radiant view of youth, but to me there is something unspeakably sad in his sense of the loss of vision in the life of the man. Is it true that we must look back to youth for brightness and hope?

Happy we who have come through broken weather, if sometimes we gaze into the heart of the sky and for a moment feel that the ancient glory of the heavens has returned on

our dream of life, for if visions belong to the young, it is ours to dream dreams.

Pitiful is the life that has lost all the joy of youth, to whom "the fine gold has become dim," to whom dewdrops are no longer pearls, as once they were, nor flowers revelations of love unutterable! Sad must be the soul for whom knowledge, custom, experience, fate, error, and sin have dulled, darkened, and deadened all things! Hopeless is he who is unable to bring over the present something of the bliss and beauty of the past, and has no confident look toward the future! Lonely the old who dream no dreams of hope and peace! For it is not meant that youth shall have all the best of life, any more than spring has all the best of the year.

Shall we despair because the flowers of spring are gone, or because some day of storm and rain has strewn the turf with their fair petals?

"So, some tempestuous storm in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden walks and all the grassy floor

With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May
And Chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden trees
Come, with the volleying rain and tossing breeze—
The bloom is gone and with the bloom go I.
Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer's pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted Snapdragon,
Sweet William with his homely cottage smell,
And Stocks in fragrant blow,
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
And the full moon and the white evening star."

In these lines Matthew Arnold not only gives us a glimpse of an English garden, but strikes the note of a sane and wholesome faith.

Spring is the *budding* season. There are flowers of summer and harvests of autumn, yes, and a beauty of winter, of which spring is only the promise.

There are lots of things in my garden that are not in it really yet, but only *planted*. They will grow and blossom later. Much is embryonic yet—it is underground, but it is shooting up.

There is something richer and fuller and better in the labor of summer and the harvests of autumn, something nearer the Eternal in the stillness and peace of winter, than even the freshness and vigor and beauty of spring.

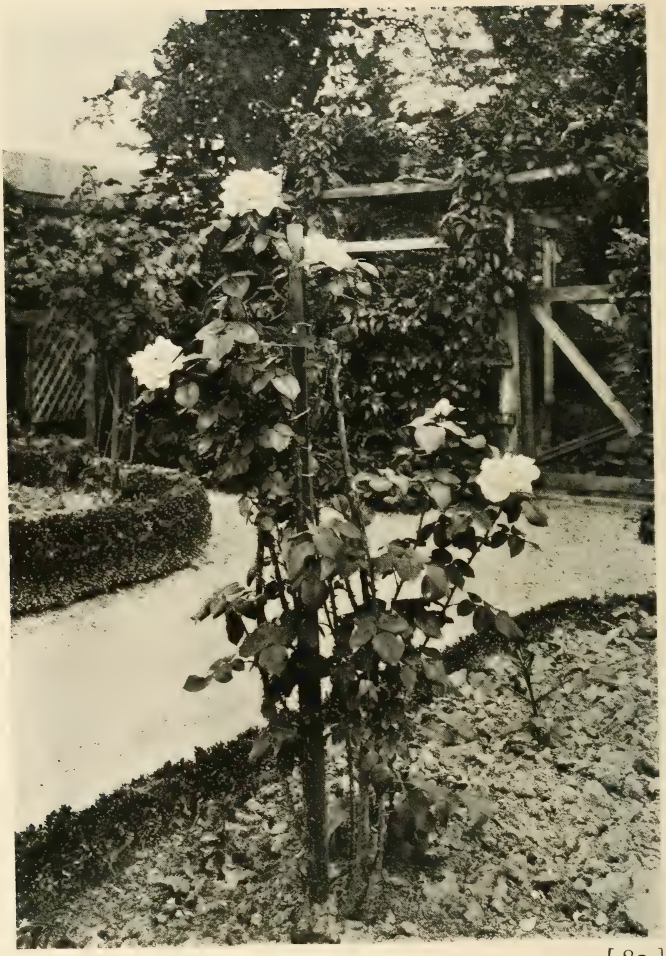
Better than the visions of the young may be the dreams of the old.

But I am glad to have the bright springtime again, and the sense it brings of eternal youtherie that we may carry into all of life. I caught today a note of the gladness of life which may be ours always. For a little while I went far back, even into the Land of Childhood, and I am glad that I have not traveled so far from that land as to have forgotten its gifts.

What is sweeter than a rose?

HERBERT

THE WHITE
ROSE BUSH



THE WHITE ROSE BUSH

LILAC time is past once more. For the moment I can understand the regret of one who exclaimed, "If only lilacs lasted forever!" But much as I love the lilacs, I cannot long share that regret, for June is here, and with June, the roses.

It is a morning full of a thousand scents of herb and flower and ripening fruit. It is a morning glad with the song of birds.

The dew still lies heavy on plant and flower, gemming grass and hedge, every leaf and twig, with diamonds. The morning sun lights up a world of beauty. What a day for garden dreams!

This bright June morning is an open gateway to Wonderland. For, if you would know something of the wonders of the garden, you need only come into touch with its life. To find the marvelous, you need only look. It is

in the plant at your feet, it is in the grass you tread upon, it is in the insect that hides in the flower, the caterpillar that crawls upon the leaf, the bee that sucks honey from the rose, the butterfly that flits from bush to bush.

Let us stop for a while by this white rose bush at the end of the walk.

How did this white rose bush come to be here? It was planted by one who is with us now only as a memory. But how did she come to have a rose so white and full?

There was a time when there were no such roses in all the world. There were only wild roses. Yonder is one now. We call it Sweet Brier, or Eglantine. It decks itself with little simple roses. I think it one of the sweetest flowers in my garden, but it has been made to serve another purpose than to bear its own flowers. The roots of this beautiful white rose are really those of a Sweet Brier. One day the Sweet Brier was cut down to the ground, the skin of its stump was opened, and in this opening, between the bark and the wood, a little bud of a different rose-bush was placed. From that day all the life of the Sweet Brier was

given for the nourishment of this bud. It became a willing slave, proud of its slavery, proud of the beautiful white roses not its own.

But how did the gardener come to have that bud now grown into this bush of white roses? If there was a time when there were no such roses, how did the bud come to be?

This opens one of the most interesting chapters of the garden book; "perhaps," as one botanist says, "the most fascinating chapter of all in the life-history of plants." It is a chapter much too long to write or to read as we stand before this rose bush, but we may look a little further into the history of this white rose.

But first step over to the Sweet Brier and look at it. You see its flower is composed of five leaves or petals, in the midst of which are many delicate threads supporting little yellow masses. These are called stamens, and are the male members of the colony. The yellow masses are the pollen, with which the pistil or female which rises above the stamens is touched by the bee which has just flown away. The bee in search of honey has carried the

pollen from the stamens to the pistil. At the base of the pistil is a sort of egg, in which, after a while, you will find the seeds.

Now look again at our white rose. Here are more petals and only five stamens. By a process of cross-breeding, beginning with the marriage of the Sweet Brier with a rose brought by the Crusaders from Damascus, all the stamens except five in this white rose have been turned into petals.

On the next bush is a red rose entirely double. Not one stamen is left. The magician has turned all those eager lovers into one glorious double red rose.

These loves of the flowers, how real they are! How sure the lover is to find his bride!

Just across the path is a bed of white pinks, but you see there is one among them spotted with red. How did it happen? Left to the ordinary course of nature, there would have been only white pinks, but in yonder bed of red ones there was one who coaxed with his honey the bee to carry his pollen over to a white one, and here we have their offspring decked with the color of each parent.

Well may we stand before this white rose bush and hear its parable. It and we and all things have come from the One Eternal Source, and the highest and best in man has sprung fundamentally from the instinct which we find in the wild rose. Under the same law by which the rose loses in stamens and gains petals does the human race rise into richer and fuller expression. As the many-stamened wild rose sacrifices the abundance of its stamens that it may become this many-petaled white rose, so are the higher reaches of human life evolved out of the lower, and under the same law.

Until now we have been looking only at the flower of the rose, and no wonder, for its beauty may well hold us in admiration. But we have had but one little look into wonderland. If we look at the branches and leaves of this white rose bush, not to speak of the mysterious things to be found down among the roots, we may peer into a magic spectacle.

With a microscope we might look into some of nature's deepest mysteries, for here the eternal animate forces are at work, on a minia-

ture scale, indeed, and yet it is "the planet's history in petto."

Little curtains are lifted, revealing "the great loom of the universe at work."

Even with unaided eyes we can see enough to hold us many hours.

There is a bee singing his love song as he seeks the heart of the rose, while here, enveloped in the petals of this full-blown rose, is a fellow of another sort. This one is at dinner or comfortably asleep. We call him a rose beetle. We think him a robber and a destroyer of beauty, but he will not acknowledge himself a thief, for he claims a prior right to the rose.

Crowded thickly upon the tips of these branches are little green creatures. Against these, too, the gardener wages a constant war, for they live on the very life of the plant and breed so rapidly that, but for enemies, they would soon cover all the trees and all the plants in the world. There is one of its enemies now. That worm of cinnamon color and yellow stripes will destroy, by feeding on them, many thousands of the aphides, and then will prob-

ably be destroyed by its own enemies, enemies that are carried about on its own body. If, however, the worm escapes that fate, it will shut itself up in a silken shell, from which it will issue one of the most beautiful little creatures you ever saw, a sort of large fly of a gay green color, with wings like a network of richest lace, and eyes surpassing in brilliancy that of precious stones.

What movement is that down there in the grass? Great numbers of little creatures are moving in one direction. There is evidently some well-understood end in view. Many of them are carrying burdens. They are ants just returning from battle and carrying home the spoils. They are the fierce red ant species who have just destroyed a colony of black ants, and, much like human wars of a dark past, these victors are bearing away to their own retreats the eggs and larvæ of the black ants, where they are born and made the slaves of the red ants.

Let us look for the ant-hill, for it is probably close by. Yes, there it is. It is a little subterranean city, constructed with much art.

These ants are a well-ordered community, working together with a wonderful intelligence.

Study sociology over an ant-hill.

All this is but a small part of what we might see on or about a single rose-bush. And what we do here see of the life of the garden is not at all beautiful. There is death as well as life on our white rose bush. The beetle mars the beauty of the flower. The aphides feed on the very life of the plants. With every flower, with every leaf, are born and die the insects that inhabit them and feed upon them, and likewise those that eat these insects themselves. "A flower which is born and dies is a world with its inhabitants."

Here in my garden I read the story of Wonderland. These blossoms on my white rose bush are of the universal wonder stuff, and so is the worm that crawls upon the leaf.

It sets me to wondering, which is often the same as dreaming.

Why are all these wonderful things here? Have they merely been thrown out by an Almighty Hand, or come from some one simple potency which works aimlessly,

working simply because it is what we call force?

What does all this struggle for existence everywhere present in nature mean? Is there purpose that justifies and ennobles the struggle? Why are we here, and so made that we must ask questions such as these?

Do we not find here in my garden something prophetic? We see a most wonderful thing—the wonder of perpetual renewal. My plants seem to yield to winter and death. They give up their summer leaves and bury themselves deep in the earth. Some do die, but before they die they confide their seeds to the earth, and behold! when the warm days of spring come, here is my garden all alive again with the flowers that had seemed to die. The rain and the sun and the dew perform their miracles before our eyes.

We look at the worm that eats the leaf. It is of an ugly shape and condemned to a mean life. It is surrounded by enemies, and man will trample it to death without thought. But follow its history when it escapes such a fate. After a while it spins itself a winding-sheet of

silk and incloses itself in it. So far as we can see it is dead. But wait a few days and it comes forth another creature, clothed in richest colors and with brilliant wings. It flies gloriously above the earth upon which it had seemed painfully to crawl.

This life which we live here—is it really all? Is it the best that we shall know, the best for which we are made?

Do not the higher reaches of life to which we have come promise more? May we not hope for celestial wings? Is not the butterfly a symbol of the soul?

The rose and the worm and man and worlds are all but parts of the Mystery—parts of the Plan.

Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little Flower.

WORDSWORTH

A STALK OF MIGNONETTE

We have stood long before the white rose bush. Let us go further. A faint, delicate odor lures us to a quiet spot. Here at our feet is a plant. Do you recognize it? Yes, your "Botany" tells you it is "*Reseda odorata*." You can easily recognize it, for it answers exactly to the description.

It is well to keep your "Botany" at hand. It will help us to know the plants' standing in the scientific world. But the plants have a closer relation to humanity, and the common names tell us that.

Let us, then, know this little flower as you knew it in your mother's garden. We will know it by its fawn-colored spikes and its sweet perfume. We will think of it now, not as "Reseda Odorata," but as "Sweet Mignonette," endeared by memories as sweet as its fragrance.

This is a very plain little flower, this Sweet Mignonette, and yet it is one of the most universally loved of flowers. Its name means "little darling."

What is it in this plain little flower that makes it so universally loved?

This question opens up one of the most interesting and instructive lessons that the garden has to teach.

Did you ever stop to think how much the common flowers, those that are the lowly among the flowers, contribute to the beauty of the garden? How much of the grace and charm of the whole effect is due to them?

Make a list of the flowers in the most beautiful garden you have ever seen, and see how many of them are of the small and even plain kinds as compared with the striking and stately. Note which of the flowers have most surely found a place in our garden of remembrance. Recall those we loved most as children and have most intimately twined themselves about our lives as memories. Recite the old flower names and think of the associations that clus-

ter about them. Ask the poets which of the flowers are set as gems in literature:

"The first snowdrop of the year," what the old herbalist Gerarde calls "the gallant grace of violets," the primroses, "tiny enchanted princesses," the daisy, loved by Chaucer, and "the wee, crimson-tipped flower" of Burns, "the little speedwell's darling blue," cowslip, Shakespeare's chosen flower, blue bottles, praised by Holmes, brunella, Ruskin's "brownie flower," lily-of-the-valley, chosen by an Archbishop of Canterbury, gentian, of which Bryant was the friend, harebell, St. Dominic's flower, daffodils, of old called "Gregories," because the flower of St. Gregory.

To these add many loved by us in childhood: Johnny-jump-up, ladies'-delight, tiny Quaker ladies, forget-me-not, buttercups, "spendthrift of their gold," and the little wildlings, bloodroot, trillium, windflower, bluets, and Lowell's loved dandelion, with its "harmless gold."

"Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold."

This Sweet Mignonette itself grows as a common weed in Northern Africa, whence it came into Italy nearly two hundred years ago, to be prized in our gardens as "little darling." They were only common wild flowers that Jesus meant when He said, "Consider the lilies," but to Him their splendor outshone the magnificence of the most glittering of Jewish kings.

How much would be lost if the small and lowly of the garden had been left out! I like to recall the words of a dear old lady who said of her pansies, "I love the little things best of all. They look up into the face of their Heavenly Father as if they hadn't anything to be ashamed of."

It is not admiration so much as *love* that these simple flowers command. There must be something very *human* in the common flowers. There must be a very close relationship, since they appeal to something so very deep in us.

The mignonette has a charm wholly its own. We were drawn to it by its delicately refined scent.

To many persons the odor-giving properties

of flowers are their chief charm. A rose is preferred for its perfume more than for its color or its form. Scarcely will they have come to a flower before they bend to discover its scent.

To all lovers of flowers this is one of their attractions. An evening in the garden would be much less pleasing but for the subtle fragrance of lilies, mint, lavender, rosemary, roses, and the sweet scent of the cedars as it comes faintly through the twilight.

This fact is instructive. There is a subtle relation between the human soul and the senses. It may be called a unity—in some less perfect than in others, but always marked in the artist. In one the sense of sight most stirs the soul to utterance; in another it is sound that most reaches the deeps of being; but perhaps the least material of things that reach the soul through the senses is perfume.

This, probably more than anything else, suggests the thought that the soul of the flower is expressing itself in its fragrance. Some one has said that "a flower without perfume is like a beautiful woman without piety."

It is true, perfume may be sensuous and

coarse, but so may be color and sound. Color may be strengthened to a painful glare, and sound to a torture.

"There are flowers with a scent so powerful as to give an impression almost of intemperance and voluptuousness." But there are also flowers with a scent so delicately refined that it suggests a spiritual quality veiled in mystery. There are odors that you not so much trace like a fact as you accept them as a presence.

Such is our Sweet Mignonette, and in its delicate fragrance is much of the secret of its charm. It has eminently the poetic quality—chaste, moderate, haunting.

We will not indulge in moralizing. It is easy to fall into the dulness of the mere moralist. It is better to let truth speak in its own language in its own way. If this little flower does not tell to you its message, none other can.

And yet, on a bed of sweet odors one is apt to dream dreams.

A sane mind will not "confound a perfume and an orison." An esthetic thrill is not an aspiration. But the sane mind will be wholesomely affected by both.

Consider the lilies

JESUS

A CLUSTER
OF LILIES

A CLUSTER OF LILIES

THERE are "songs without words." There is a speech that is not articulate. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." It is nature's tongue.

I have gathered for my beloved a cluster of lilies. I cannot translate into our common human tongue what they say to me, or will say for me. There is an inner ear to which they will speak.

The best most of us can do is to talk about the flowers. Happy we if we can understand their speech to us.

Let us linger by this bed of lilies. It is not only one of the most beautiful groups in my garden, but for many reasons one of the most interesting.

Here are only a few members of a very large family. The botanist tells us that there are in this family "about two hundred genera, in-

cluding more than two thousand widely distributed species."

It is a very old family, and like many other old families, its fortunes have been varied. Its members have come to exhibit marked differences in appearance and differences in point of social position. This family includes as different flowers as our superb garden lily, the tulip, the hyacinth, the trillium, the lily-of-the-valley, the star of Bethlehem, Solomon's-seal, and many others.

Most of these retain the great family beauty, although some of them live out in the wild. Some of their brothers are found among the common people of the vegetable garden, where they are known as the onion, garlic, and asparagus. I am not sure that the proud lily would own these relations and give them welcome in her home among the flowers who acknowledge her as queen. And yet, great as are the differences, there is still a family likeness, easily traced in spite of the differences of raiment and the finer beauty of face and figure of some.

The family has been widely scattered—indeed, almost world-wide—and divided into

many branches, each with marked characteristics. Of these, the most famous, because the most beautiful, is the Lilium. This branch, too, has been broken up into groups, but all retain a certain beauty and dignity that set them apart. A lily is a lily the world over.

Some most excellent qualities belong to this branch of the family, such as their hardiness and constancy of character. These sterling qualities make them enduring garden flowers, always forceful and strikingly effective.

Here in this small bed have come together relatives from the far corners of the earth. We recognize our own Turk's Cap and the beautiful Meadow Lily. Here are true orientals, the Speciosums, "of Eastern skies aflame," the royal gold-banded Auratum, still a little unwilling to consent to naturalization, while Elegans lifts her bright face to the sun, and the old-time Tiger Lily, with undiminished dignity, holds his place in the garden. But oldest and loveliest of all is the Madonna, or Annunciation Lily. It is a cluster of the flowers of this matchless one that I have taken for my beloved, for it is, of all my garden beauties,

the most perfect symbol of beauty, and purity, and love.

This water-lily, here in the pool close by, is she a sister? The botanist says not, and yet we always know her as the water-lily.

And who would give her any other name? True, she is dedicated to the water-nymphs, but she has the lily's face and the lily's heart. There must be a relationship that the botanist has not discovered. None of the family has texture more delicate, purity more spotless, or beauty more exquisite. Though held to the face of the pool, no flower is more kindred to the sky. As we look we recall Lucy Larcom's fine lines—

"From the reek of the pool the lily
Has risen in raiment white,
A spirit of air and water,
A form of incarnate light.
Yet, except for the rooted stem
That steadies her diadem,
Except for the earth she is nourished by,
Could the soul of the lily have climbed to the sky?"

In art nothing expresses better the spiritual quality of this flower than the dreamy, sway-

ing rhythm of MacDowell's musical tribute to it:

> "Here by this pool,
> I am aware of the splendor that ties
> All the things of the earth with the
> things of the skies."

Not only because the lily family is so important in point of numbers and influence does it interest the botanist so greatly. As a family of plants it is of great importance to science because it furnishes striking examples by which are illustrated interesting facts in plant structure, customs of plants, and their history. If the purpose of this book were to teach botany, it would be a delightful task to write this chapter of biologic botany, but the writer confesses that the lily has another and greater interest for him, perhaps because he is not a botanist, but only a lover of the flowers, and with a special love for the lily.

The lily is one of the flowers of distinction of antiquity. It grew in the classic gardens of pre-Christian times. Its very name is of Roman origin. We find it described in the oldest

English herbaries, and grown in the monastic gardens for the decoration of the Church. It is pleasant to read that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors loved flowers. These lines are from the "Exeter Book":

> "Sweet was the song of the birds
> the earth was covered with flowers
> cuckoos announced the year."

The enclosures where they grew plants must have been very simple, and their knowledge of horticulture slight, but the names of plants grown by them may be gleaned from early herbaries. Some of them are difficult to identify, but we are distinctly told that the lily was their favorite flower.

The lily has been a favorite flower in all lands and in all times. Its place in legend and art is unique. Among the Egyptians the lily was deified. Of them the Latin poet said—"people holy and happy enough to see their gods spring up in their gardens."

In classic myths the place of the lily is one of dignity and honor, while in Christian art it is a constant symbol. Heavenly choirs chant

amid its clustered bells, and many a pictured saint is ennobled by its presence.

The lily is the chosen flower of Easter, and what symbol more deeply true to the Easter story? A bulb, no thing of beauty, is placed in the earth, and forth comes a lily.

But purest and truest as symbol is the Lily of the Annunciation. The Holy Mother holds to her breast a cluster as she listens to the message of the angel. Chalice of silver for the blood of the Christ!

What dreams men have dreamed since—

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea!"

Here in my garden—

"The lilies hold
Uplifted, each her chalice."

All partial beauty was a pledge
Of beauty in its plenitude.

BROWNING

A DREAM
OF BEAUTY

A DREAM OF BEAUTY

I AM in my garden of dreams. The transition from the garden of flowers is so easy, so inevitable.

We are made for dreams. We are full of yearnings for the unrealized. The most perfect thing on earth does not wholly satisfy us. The loveliest flower makes us long for a beauty that is not of earth.

My garden has much of a very lovable kind of beauty, but when I most feel its beauty I am most sure that this loveliness of sky and flower is but a prophecy of a loveliness infinitely more lovely.

Is the flower flawless? This wondrous rose, this superb lily, is it perfect?

It would seem not, for men are constantly seeking to improve it, and when we remember how many of the wonderful flowers of the twentieth century gardens have been brought

to such perfection within the last fifty years, we can understand the passionate quest for the perfect flower.

The science of floriculture has done much to enhance the beauty of the garden. Many of the most beautiful flowers are products of cross-breeding by expert botanists. New flowers and new forms of old flowers are constantly being bred in the hothouses of Europe and America. Not only the forms of the flowers, but the colors and markings are being changed. The skill of the hybridist is adding to our gardens new delights.

Look at a bed of Shirley poppies and recall how that strain was developed from the one white-marked flower discovered by the vicar of Shirley in a field scarlet with poppies, if you would have some notion of what is being done in the way of making the flowers more beautiful.

It is well that the amateur take not too confidingly the descriptions of "novelties" in the catalogues of the growers, but to know how splendid the novelties sometimes are, you need only look at a trellis covered with the orchid-

like bloom of the new Spencer sweet-peas, or a group of the Meehan "Mallow Marvels."

The quest of the perfect rose, one of the "fascinating beyond-the-horizon quests," how it has engaged the imagination of generations of rose growers! To what enormously expensive and patient trials it has driven them! Labor has been piled on labor to remove "some fancied taint in the gold of a yellow," petals have been multiplied, colors and shades varied, bush roses have been given climbing habits, and the seasons have been prolonged by inducing perpetual bloom. I need only look at my La France or Killarney gratefully to acknowledge the debt.

Doubtless there is danger of spoiling some of the sweet things of the garden. No description of novelties could induce me to permit any "improved" varieties to supplant the old favorites by association made almost sacred. The new may be richer in dress, but they call up no memories. They make no appeal to the affections as the old ones do.

Then, too, some of the products of the experts are not improvements, while some are

grotesque. I confess to an absence of enthusiasm over the "blue rose," and I certainly have no desire to possess a "green carnation." The modern chrysanthemum exhibition interests me, but it does not give me unmixed pleasure. Chrysanthemums, to be seen only on the tables of exhibitors, consisting of one huge flower upon one single stem, are, no doubt, proofs of great skill in the breeder, but to me such a plant, beside the graceful Chrysanthemums of the garden, is positively grotesque. I sympathize with Miss Jekyll, and with the plant, when she says, "To me the plant seems always in protest against abuse."

I recently read an article on "Flowers of the Future," in which are foreshadowed some marvels. The calceolaria is to be developed into "an excellent representation of a tiger's head." We are to have dwarf-growing hollyhocks and a giant lily-of-the-valley. Think of that sweet flower "two feet high"! The columbine is to be developed into a marvelous "spider flower."

The writer of the article refers to the little veronica and says, "the devout religionist of

the middle ages, fancying he discovered the very face of his Lord gazing at him from the tiny azure flower, exclaimed, "It is the Vera Icon!" and then the writer asks, "Why should not this dim, imperfect portrait be rendered by floricultural science more distinct for all lovers of flowers and of legend to see?" "And this," he adds, "before long will be seen."

Other new forms promised, "to be seen, handled, and smelled by our children or by our children's children," are "the mulgas, the exquisitely scented jessipas, the great, shell-like eupepias, the fantastic pyresas, the corgonas, the daffobalias, the alterarias, and the carminarias." "Who knows," he asks, "but that it may be from these forms, as yet only dimly foreshadowed to us in the hothouses, that the ladies and lovers and poets of the future may draw their inspiration, and each be, in Dante's phrase,

> "' . . . that flower whom daily I invoke
> Both morn and eve'?"

Most of these foreshadowed marvels may be no more than the creations of an imagina-

tion that would make an interesting magazine article. Interesting it is, but I can imagine its author's amusement should we take him seriously.

However, we acknowledge a great debt to the true seeker of the perfect flower. He is working to realize the dream of a perfect beauty. It is, indeed, a "beyond-the-horizon quest," for still will it be true that, if at last produced, the perfect flower will be, like Wordsworth's daffodils, transfigured before "the inner eye, which is the bliss of solitude."

The ideal beauty still remains within the domain of the spiritual imagination. It is still for us a dream.

> "The isles are floating on a
> furlong still before."

It is a far country—that country where the ideal dwells—far beyond widest sea or highest mountain, but sometimes, as now in my dream, very real.

How beautiful the dream! In that country the flowers do not fade. There every plant breathes in a language more noble than poetry,

and more sweet than music, things which no human tongue can tell. Man in that land is good, noble, and generous. Perfidy, inconstancy, old age, death, or "forgetfulness which is the death of the heart," are unknown there. Life is more happy there than here dreams can aspire to be. There "love in song and beauty never dies." Beautiful dream! Happy far-away land!

May we hope to find it? Or will the glowing light that "keeps itself warm in the heart of my dreams" at last fade away into ashen gray—"the last still loveliest till 'tis gone, and all is grey"?

There are times when the fear of it falls like a deep shadow upon the heart. There are times when drought falls upon our garden of dreams, and the blossoms of hope and faith droop. But the rains are sure to come again, and the very persistency of the dream argues its right to expect fulfilment, just as to Browning—

> "All partial beauty was a pledge
> Of beauty in its plenitude."

I repeat, we are made for dreams. We must continue to dream.

Does not the very dream help to fulfil itself? The difference between the ideal and the real, the vision and the fact—to bring these as near together as possible is the object of our dreams. They give us something to live up to.

Shall we not bring from the smiling regions of dreams brightness into this arid country which we call life? And may it not be that after that which we call death we shall learn that what was really a dream was what we called life, while "what we took for dreams were excursions which our souls made into the beautiful country of reality"?

How sweet the moon-light sleeps
upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of
music
Creep in our ears, soft stillness, and
the night,
Become the touches of sweet har-
mony.

SHAKESPEARE

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

It is not the dream that Shakespeare dreamed. We are not at Athens, but in my garden.

Shall it be a night in June, the time of the perfect summer night?

"And what is so rare as a day in June?"

Nothing, unless it be a night in June. And yet we will choose a night in August, for August is the month of the night garden.

It is "the night that calms"—a time for gentle thoughts and memories. Peace falls on mind and body as softly as petals drop on the lawn.

It is now that the garden shows its most poetic side. The trees cast etching-like shadows in the broad moonlight. Fronds gently wave, and tendrils sway in the light breeze; leaves murmur in tree and bush; perhaps a bird twitters love to his mate. Here and there

shines the little lamp of the glow-worm, and the living candles of the fireflies gleam in this almost tropical night. It is flooded with a moonlight bright and pensive as a silver ocean.

"Warm and still is the musky eve.
The moon shines bright in the cloudless sky,
The crickets sing and the night birds cry."

The night meaning of the world is being written.

It is a perfect summer night. There was a rose-and-gold sunset, and there were poppies loose upon the air all the afternoon. May we expect to see fairies on this perfect summer night?

We will stay outdoors late tonight. It is a time for dreams, now that "the quiet-colored end of evening" has darkened into dusk and stars. Everything is "slumberous, and warm, and restful," just the time for dreaming. The very trees, with the white light streaming over them and the black shade beneath, seem to be dreaming in this midsummer moonlight.

One of the mysterious things of the garden is the night-blooming flowers. Nearly all plants sleep at night. The acacia folds its

leaves one over another; the blue lupine, which has leaves shaped like a hand, closes its fingers and lets its arms fall against its stalk; the balsam drops its leaves toward the earth; the day lilies close their blue and yellow flowers; the water-lily gathers its petals together even before night has come. But the night has its flowers which sleep during the day and awake while the others sleep.

The night has also its birds and insects. You hear the whistle of the blackbird and the song of the robin in the morning—the nightingale sings through the night.

See that large moth hovering over the evening primrose. It passes by the sleeping flowers, over the primrose it hovers and sucks the honey from its depths. The moth is not less beautiful because it flies only by night. Its wings of gray, shaded by browns and blacks; its body painted with white, rose-colored, and black rings—make it one of the beautiful things of the night.

We think of the night as made to sleep in, but the fact is it is full of life and movement. Flying wings glisten in the starlight, and out

of the mystery of the dark creep all kinds of shadowy sounds.

To me the flowers of the night seem to have more of mystery and of poetry than those of the day. The night invests them with a mysterious and untellable charm, and draws from them powerful perfumes of which they are utterly devoid during the day. White petunias lose their common quality and become exquisite at night. The nicotiana, a disconsolate thing by daylight, opens its stars there by the side of the evening primrose, making with its fellow the most perfect blend of silver and gold. How they lure the night moths with their radiance and heavy scents!

There is a giant lily that, by moonlight, has a strangely weird dignity, and the little night-scented stock, whose dull gray leaves and small, dull-colored flowers close and droop during the day, as soon as the sun has set opens its tender flowers and pours upon the still night air the sweetest fragrance.

There are flowers too fine in their reserve to lay open their heart to the garish light of day. The lotus flower pines in the sunlight, but

when the Moon God woos her she unveils her charms and meets his gaze with kindling eyes.

The queen of the night is the moon-flower on the lattice, but she needs the breath of the night to lay bare her heart.

"Sweet child of the pale and the passionless Moon,
Thou art but the Dream of the slumbering Night."

Poor, indeed, is the life that has not known some one love, so deep, so fine, so tender, that it lives in the heart of his dream!

The night garden appeals with a peculiar power to the mystic that lives within the soul of each one of us. Why is it that we are sure to look up to the heavens at night, although we may never lift our eyes while the sun gives us day? Is it because at night the things at our feet are less clearly seen and are therefore less insistent?

The wide sunlight helps us to think of the broad, bright, and simple; the night makes us feel what is lofty, mysterious, and dim. Gretry's words come to mind—"God shuts off this world once every twenty-four hours so that we can see the universe."

We are hushed by the stars. We are under the spell of the great spaces.

> "High mysteries of Heaven
> Divinely touch us in the great star-blaze."

The "charmed stillness" of the night brings thoughts for which there is no time at midday. There is an evening which brings thoughts for which middle life has no time. We must have left youth behind to come to an understanding of things like these. We must come out of the day, and

> "In green old gardens hidden away
> From sight of revel, or sound of strife,"

learn the deeper things.

There is a helpful ministry of the night.

To know what night does for the flowers, go into your garden in the early morning—the misty half-hour before sunrise. How cool, how silvery white-and-green, how fresh and sweet, all things are! Every little leaf has been refreshed in the darkness and has its drop of dew as an offering to the returning day. Even the old trees look almost young again.

So have I known a soul to pass through its night into a new day, refreshed, beautified, and strengthened for labor, even though the day be long, and the sun burning, and the labor heavy.

And the dream this summer night—it is not like the fierce desire of the day. It may still be a craving, and unsatisfied, but it is a moonlit craving, if a pain—a passionless one. It is a soft, moonlit dream.

Autumn dreams . . .
Brighter visions of peace in the sunset glow, . . .
Love's beautiful themes that more swiftly flow
From the evergreen heart of the Long-ago
In golden streams.

DR. B. F. W. URBAN

AUTUMN
DREAMS

AUTUMN DREAMS

All Saints' summer has come and gone. It is the time of bare boughs and empty nests. The winds are lifting the fallen leaves and gently covering the plants already gone to sleep in the border. There are no flowers save the sturdy chrysanthemums and one Hermosa rose that still blooms in the face of the frost. Everything takes up Perdita's cry,

"The year's grown old."

Our thought goes back to the blossoming springtime and to the "garden glorious" of summer. We look back, as man must, to the irrevocable past.

To many these are melancholy days. They can think only of "days that are gone." Tennyson has put into immortal verse this profound sadness—

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking upon the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Another poet strikes a calmer note. Wordsworth, too, feels the mystery and the pain. He, too, looks upon the past with sadness and feels the mystery that enfolds him, but he lets nature lead him into a calmer mind.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard

. . . . . .

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

. . . . . .

"With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife, they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free."

Wordsworth lets the birds teach him wisdom. He knows the sadness of autumn days,

but, with a philosophy learned from the birds, he wins out of the sadness serenity of mind that is steadfast. Does not the greatest of all teachers bid us learn from the same source the same lesson?

With Wordsworth's philosophy, which is, in fact, the Christian's faith, I am sure that autumn days may bring dreams of hope and peace. We may believe with Coleridge in his poem of "The Nightingale" that

> "In nature there is nothing melancholy."

I like these lines of Mr. Austin—

> "Had I a garden, it should grow
> Shelter where feeble feet
> Might loiter long, or wander slow,
> And deem decadence sweet;
> Pausing, might ponder on the past,
> Vague twilight in their eyes,
> Wane calmer, comelier, to the last,
> Then die, as Autumn dies."

Any one who lives in touch with nature will know how surely the *feel* of autumn comes on, and how gently. It comes with August. There

are still sultry days and close nights, but the hurry of spring and the intensity of summer are over. Things are *ripening*.

There is a growing restfulness as if the zest of making bloom and fruit were over. The summer apples fall, and here and there are already a few yellow leaves on the maples and red on the sumac. There is a quiet over nature as if softly subdued to the season.

Then comes a very rush of color. "The spirit of the season waves his wand, and the world is hung with the richest drapery that ever the wizard drew from his enchanted loom. It is as if a splendid sunset had fallen down in fragments on the earth and set it all ablaze."

But it is a beauty that subdues. The glory of color, orange and purple, scarlet and crimson, grows less and less glorious, but strangely more and more beautiful.

> "The year's at rest in the mellow haze
> That crowns with gold these royal days."

Mysterious and prophetic voices now fill the air with the music of elegiac hymns, and again with songs of hope and faith.

"You scarce can say
If it be summer still, or Autumn yet,
Rather it seems as if the twain had met,
And Summer, being loath to go away,
Autumn retains her hand, and begs
of her to stay."

But she will not stay. The flowers pass. It is true, you may mimic the flowers in wax, you may even reproduce their fragrance, but such copies smack of embalmment.

Do we not recognize kinship in the passing flowers? We love the flowers because they are so human, changing and passing like ourselves. "The unquiet spirit of a flower" is akin to our own souls. Its transit leaves us dreaming, it may be, of all that might have been, but it teaches us the highest wisdom in telling us to make the most of life's best moments.

Thus gently does nature take us in hand and slowly teach us, and if we will but learn her lessons now we shall be able to receive the harder lessons to come.

For, as we feel the spirit of autumn more, the more does its restfulness stir within us a strange unrest. With September come vague

longings and stirrings. It is sometimes called "melancholy," but it is rather that far-away voices are calling. It is something like the migratory instinct in a bird. A strange loneliness steals over us—a vague homesickness of soul.

How eloquently still and prophetic autumn is! It is the deep rest of nature that stirs within us the longings, and the hopes, and, perhaps, the self-reproach.

For autumn is a time of judgment upon our work. The gardener understands this well. There is in the falling-away of foliage a distinctness given to outline that lays bare defects. Looking back over the garden year we can see where the bare spots have been, where there might have been constant bloom. In some such way the thoughts that come with autumn lay bare our lives.

When nature's workmen have finished their work and gone away, we are made acutely conscious that there is something that we have not finished.

But autumn has its message of hope, even to us, of unfinished work.

There has been death in my garden. Some of the plants that bloomed so bravely are dead. But they have confided their seeds to the earth. Life is immortal, though it express itself in forms that "perish as the leaves." God never wastes anything. All the life has risen out of death, and all the death has gone only to be made into life again.

> "Death wages not with Nature's heart a
> constant strife,
> But melts that which has served, to
> mould to higher life."

There are clues to a perception of nature that strengthens faith in ultimate good. Like Emerson, we may discourse of

> " . . . the genesis of things,
> Of tendency through the endless ages,
> Of star-dust and star-pilgrimages,
> Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
> Of the old flood's subsiding slime,"

but as Christians we believe in the Over-soul and the

> "One far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

Nature has what Carlyle calls her "Darks." We walk with the mysteries, and should wear sandals. But if man put himself *en rapport* with nature, he will find the eternal harmonies. He must listen with bowed head if he would hear the Voice that spake in the garden of old.

It is in such moments that intimations come from afar, and kindly voices tell of kinship and of Fatherhood.

The Hermosa rose smiles undismayed in the eyes of the frost, and shall not we?

Nature never did betray
The heart that loves her, 'tis her privilege
Through all the scenes of this our life to lead
From joy to joy.

WORDSWORTH

MY GARDEN
IN WINTER

MY GARDEN IN WINTER

The sky is gray, the earth is covered with a sheet of snow. The flowers are dead. The skeleton trees stand out in sharp outline. Cold winds sweep up from the valley and across the bare lawn. Only the conifers retain their somber foliage and afford asylum for a few mute birds. There is in the air neither the song of birds, nor the buzzing of insects, nor the perfume of flowers. Deserted nests, like abandoned homesteads—

> "idly swing
> On naked branch—fond memory
> Of leaf and bloom and Summer song."

My garden in winter! Is there anything in this cold and dismal aspect that I care to write about?

Yes, the winter garden has a beauty and a

poetry all its own, and there are mornings when the beauty is so enthralling and the poetry so ennobling, evenings when the stillness is so eloquent, that I think my garden is never so beautiful as then. There are nights when the moon and the frost transmute my garden into fairyland.

It is true, it is a cold and austere beauty, this beauty of my garden in winter, but it is the very austerity of its beauty that lays upon me a spell more potent than the thrall of summer days. The enchantment of the winter world is very real to the soul that has grown into an understanding of its serene, austere, untroubled beauty.

Study the tender color harmonies of this picture. The drawing is bold, for "winter is no time for petty things." But how perfectly esthetic the colors! The lavish palette of midsummer is not here, but there is a shy and delicate beauty that "veils itself from all but the eyes of love."

Color is never high or garish. The gray and silver-gray of bark and lichen, the many tones of brown, the softened greens of the conifers,

and here and there dull reds, these are the color tones.

With what perfection of art the artist here uses color! Soft, dull terra-cottas, deep sage greens, with splashes of bronze where the light burnishes the trees, tones that remind one of the oboes in some symphony.

What perfection of art in the slender shafts of the silver-barked birches against the deep tones of the conifers! What in color more exquisite and delicately subtle than the pale, bluish green of the juniper, or the gray lichen on the rugged bark of old trees of this evergreen, with here and there, where the outer bark has parted, the smooth, dark red of the inner bark! Here are "the tints of the snow, the earth, and the rocks, made ethereal under the somber half-light of a winter day."

And what shall I say of the trees? The best I can say is wholly inadequate, but of this winter convinces me—we never really know the trees until they have unrobed themselves for their winter's sleep. Only then do we see how beautiful they are in form, how splendid in structure and design, and how graceful in poise.

The evergreens—do we ever really see them—that is, with eyes of appreciation—until they remain to us "the one faithful witness to life's warmth and brightness"? In the bright light of summer we have not looked long enough to realize their noble beauty or to appreciate their worth. But now—how beautiful with their soft burden of snow! What cheer they bring to our winter garden! How faithfully they have served, and for appreciation awaited our time!

When planning my garden I said, "I must have trees, if possible, old trees." Fate was kind and placed my garden where already some trees had grown to age, one quite old, and of all in my garden that I have loved, nothing have I loved quite as I have loved that old tree. There he stands now, leafless and with signs of decay, but still bravely lifting to heaven his naked limbs. A recent storm has torn loose a great branch. It hangs there as if holding on to its place in spite of wounds. But the branch is dead. In the springtime I shall carefully take it away, but with a feeling of

pain, for the pain of something that seems almost human.

For what in nature is so human as an old tree around which family traditions cluster? What so deeply elemental as the trees? What so stirs the heart as their whispering voices breathing their mysteries into human ears? What so spiritual as the etherealized trees on a winter evening when twilight settles down cold and still? Never do the trees suggest so much of mystery as in winter.

To see my winter garden at its best, look out from my study window some morning such as this.

The frost has decked every tree and plant and twig with diamonds. The sun sets free the fire of a million gems. Did ever lapidary cut a stone with the fire and color of these?

Many and various are the moods of my winter garden, as many and various as are the variations of atmospheric effect and pictorial beauty.

These winter moods are very wonderful—now full of tender mystery, again reserved and austere, now seemingly hard and pitiless, again

serene and passionless, now stormswept, again bright with glorious sunlight, now cold and forbidding, again luring us with a warmth of touch that promises springtime.

While something like terror is often felt in listening to the winds on a night of storm, there is a great restfulness to be had in watching a snow-storm. It falls in silence to cover with warm blanket the living things in the soil. It covers up and tucks in with protecting hands while the plants sleep and dream of March suns and April rains and May bloom.

With all its changing moods the winter garden has teaching plainly open to the observant eye.

Winter means reserve and withdrawal. Some one has said that "no one is ever intimate with winter." And yet winter has the gift of beauty to bestow. Does not many a human face receive a finer charm with the frosting of the hair?

To many sensitive souls winter suggests nothing but sadness and decay. They see only the empty nests and the dead leaves. But do not we know that the fledgelings of the deserted

nest are now singing in some far Southland, and that in these midwinter days life is stirring beneath the sod, and that new leaves are being formed out of sight?

Winter is a great gardener. At the root of the withered stock in my garden he is at work forming new leaves and new blossoms. That old tree, even now in the very *dead* of winter, as it is called, though bare of leaves, is full of life. The sap has sunk down from his bole and branches, down into his roots, but there it is, ready in due time to ascend again.

Even now there is distinct promise of summer. My plants are growing steadily under ground, and I have the certainty that summer is coming, and that the good things promised will not fail. The mighty Mother stirs in her sleep and murmurs. We think of the flowers that are unborn.

The story of the flowers does not end with the month of blossoms, but runs on through the time of hoar-frost and snow, and on to blossoms again.

Does the snowdrop, that "child of winter," tell no tale of immortality to the simple-

hearted when sinking beneath the snows of age? Shall not

> "The early shades of night bring near
> The deep content of home and rest
> That lie beyond the even-tide"?

The bell in the church tower rings to even-song.

HERE ends My Garden of Dreams, the second in a cycle of three Books that have for a central theme "the garden as nature under cultivation and discipline" and in which the garden is treated as a symbol of spiritual and social evolution, the whole containing a philosophy of life. The first Book of the cycle is The Voice of the Garden, published in 1912 by the publishers of this Book. The third Book of the cycle is in preparation and will be named Garden Philosophy. My Garden of Dreams (like the others of the cycle) was written by Abram Linwood Urban. Illustrated by half-tones from photographs and decorated by Grace Lillian Urban, the author's daughter, the whole was done into a Book for Thomas Meehan & Sons, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, whose large nurseries, founded in 1854 by the late Professor Thomas Meehan, have so greatly contributed to the growth in the American people of that love of gardens for which the book speaks. The typography and binding were designed and supervised by the Service Bureau of the Wm. F. Fell Company, who printed the Book, the whole being done and completed in the City of Philadelphia, in the month of October and the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen.

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